THE HISTORY OF *JOSEPH.*

A POEM.

In Ten Books.

By the Author of *Friendſhip in Death.*

The Second Edition.

LONDON:
Printed for T. Worrall, at the Judge's Head, over-againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleet-Street.* MDCCXXXVII. Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

ЬОЕИ

И

ДОЗЕЬ Н

ОЕ

НІЗГОКУ

ДЕЙ

THE
History of JOSEPH.
A
POEM.

BOOK I.

An Invocation of the Divine Spirit. A Deſcription of the Temple of Molock, *in the Valley of* Hinnon, *where a Congreſs of infernal Powers are met to contrive ſome Method to extirpate the* Hebrew *Race.*

CEleſtial Muſe, that on the bliſsful plain
Art oft invok'd, to guide th' immortal ſtrain;
Inſpir'd by thee, the firſt-born ſons of light
Hail'd the creation in a tuneful flight;
Pleas'd with thy voice, the ſpheres began their round,
The morning ſtars danc'd to the charming ſound:

Yet thou haſt often left the cryſtal tow'rs,
To viſit mortals in their humble bow'rs.

Favour'd by thee, the courtly ſwain of old,
Beneath mount *Horeb* ſacred wonders told;
Of boundleſs chaos, and primæval night,
The ſprings of motion, and the ſeeds of light.
The ſun ſtood ſtill, to hear his radiant birth,
With the formation, of the balanc'd earth.
The moon on high, check'd her nocturnal car,
And lift'ning ſtaid, with ev'ry ling'ring ſtar.
The hills around, and lofty *Sinah* heard
By whoſe command their tow'ring heads were rear'd.
The flow'rs their gay original attend;
Their tufted crowns the groves, adoring, bend.
The fountains roſe, the ſtreams their courſe withheld,
To hear the ocean's wond'rous ſource reveal'd.
The birds ſit ſilent on the branches near,
The flocks and herds their verdant food forbear.
The ſwains forgot their labour, while he ſung,
How, from the duſt, their great forefather ſprung:
A vital call awoke him from the ground,
The moving clay obey'd th' almighty ſound.

Thus

Thus ſung in lofty ſtrains the noble bard;
The heav'ns and earth their own formation heard.

But thou, propitious Muſe, a gentler fire
Didſt breathe, and tune to ſofter notes the lyre,
When royal *Lebanon* heard the am'rous king
The beauties of his lov'd *Egyptian* ſing:
The ſacred lays a myſtick ſenſe infold,
And things divine in human types were told.
Diſdain not, gentle pow'r, my ſong to grace,
While I the paths of heav'nly juſtice trace;
And twine a blooming garland for the youth,
Renown'd for honour, and unblemiſh'd truth.

Let others tell, of ancient conqueſts won,
And mighty deeds, by favour'd heroes done;
(Heroes enſlav'd to pride, and wild deſires,)
A virgin Muſe, a virgin theme requires;
Where vice, and wanton beauty quit the field,
And guilty loves to ſtedfaſt virtue yield.

Jacob, with heav'n's peculiar favour bleſt,
Leaving the fertile regions of the *Eaſt*;
(Where *Haran*, then a noble city ſtood,
Between fair *Tygris*, and *Euphrates* flood;)
From *Laban* fled, and by divine command
Purſu'd his journey to his native land.

Loaded with wealth, his num'rous camels bore
His wives, his children, and his houſhold ſtore:
Of purchas'd ſlaves, he led an endleſs train,
His flocks, and herds engroſs'd the wide champain.

The ſhepherd's art was all his fathers knew,
His ſons the ſame induſtrious life purſue.
The God his pious anceſtors ador'd,
Th' Almighty God, at *Bethel*, he implor'd:
An altar there, with grateful vows he rear'd,
Where twice the radiant viſion had appear'd;
The pow'rs of hell, the dreadful omen fear'd:
Each demon trembles in his hollow ſhrine,
The raving prieſts amazing things divine.

In *Hinnon*'s vale a fane to *Molock* ſtood,
Around it roſe a conſecrated wood;
Whoſe mingled ſhades, excluded noon-day light,
And made below uninterrupted night.
Pale tapers hung around in equal rows,
The manſion of the ſullen king diſcloſe;
Seven brazen gates its horrid entrance guard;
Within the cries of infant ghoſts were heard:
On ſeven high altars riſe polluted fires,
While human victims feed the ruddy ſpires.
The place *Gehenna* call'd, reſembled well
The native gloom and diſmal vaults of hell.

'Twas

'Twas night, and goblins in the darkneſs danc'd,
The prieſt in frantick viſions lay entranc'd;
While here conven'd the *Pagan* terrors ſate,
In ſolemn council, and mature debate,
T' avert the ſtorm impending o'er their ſtate.
Th' apoſtate princes with reſentment fir'd,
Anxious, and bent on black deſigns, conſpir'd
To find out ſchemes ſucceſsful to efface
Great *Heber*'s name, and cruſh the ſacred race;
From whence they knew, the long predicted king,
Th' infernal empire's deſtin'd foe ſhould ſpring;
Who conqu'rour o'er their vanquiſh'd force
ſhould tread,
And all their captive chiefs in triumph lead.
Th' affair, their deepeſt policy commands,
And brought them hither, from remoteſt lands;
From *Ur*, *Armenia*, and *Iberia*'s ſhores,
From *Nile*, and *Ophir* rich with golden ores,
And where the *Adrian* wave, and where th'
Atlantick roars.

Neſroth appears, his amber chariot drawn
With ſnowy ſteeds; him at the riſing dawn
The *Syrian* worſhips from his airy hills,
Whoſe vales with wealth the fam'd *Araxis* fills.

Belus forſakes his high frequented domes,
And o'er the famous plains of *Shinar* comes:
Plegor deſcends his mount; to him were paid,
With impious rites, libations for the dead.
Imperious *Rimmon* came, whoſe manſion ſtood
On the fair banks of *Pharphar*'s lucid flood.
Oſiris left his *Nile*, and thund'ring *Baal*
The rock, whence *Arnon*'s plenteous waters fall.
Mithra, whom all the *Eaſt* adores, was there;
And like his own reſplendent planet fair,
With yellow treſſes, and enchanting eyes
Diſſembling beauty, would the fiend diſguiſe.
Nor fail'd a deity of female name,
Aſtarte, with her ſilver creſcent came:
Melita left her *Babylonian* bow'rs;
Where wanton damſels, crown'd with bluſhing flow'rs,
In all the ſummer's various luſtre gay,
Deteſted *Orgies* to the goddeſs pay.

Theſe various pow'rs, their various ſchemes propoſe,
But none th' aſſembly pleas'd, till *Mithra* roſe;
(Of an alluring mein above the reſt)
Who thus th' apoſtate potentates addreſs'd.

Mankind

Mankind by willing ſteps to ruin move,
Their own wild paſſions their deſtruction prove,
But the moſt fatal is forbidden love.
Old *Jacob* boaſts a daughter young and fair,
Fond *Leah*'s glory, and peculiar care:
Her eyes inflame the gazing *Pagans* hearts,
Young *Shechem* has already felt their darts;
Who lately ſaw her with her virgin train,
Near *Shalem*, wand'ring o'er the dewy plain.
I'll fill his youthful breaſt with mad deſire,
By fraud, or force, his wiſhes to acquire.
The coming day he does a feaſt prepare,
By me inſtructed how to hide the ſnare:
Fair *Dinah* is his ſiſter's promis'd gueſt,
Impatient love will ſoon compleat the reſt.
The damſel's wrongs her brothers will enflame
To right, with hoſtile arms, the *Hebrew*'s ſhame;
By which provok'd, the *Canaanites* ſhall join
With us t' aboliſh this deteſted line.

Revenge and bloody faction are my care,
Moloch replies, thine be the ſoft affair;
Without inſtructions thou canſt act thy part,
Well-practic'd in the nice alluring art;
Euphrates' banks, and *Senac*'s conſcious ſhades,
Atteſt thy freedom with th' *Aſſyrian* maids:

Thy voice, applauded in the heav'nly groves,
Was there devoted to terreſtial loves:
Thy ſacred lyre to human ſubjects ſtrung,
No more with tireſome *Hallelujahs* rung;
This grac'd thy hand, a quiver hung behind,
Nor fail'd thy ſparkling eyes to charm the beauteous kind.
The bold example of thy looſe amours,
Prevail'd on numbers of the heav'nly powers;
Who vainly had the firſt probation ſtood,
Proof to ambition, obſtinately good.
Long after, I, with my aſſociates fell,
Thy friends enlarg'd the monarchy of hell;
On ſofter motives you abhorr'd the skies,
Allur'd by womens captivating eyes:
The ſons of God thus with the race of man
Were mingled; hence the giant ſtock began.
Our plot requires us now, and if it fail,
I'll, in my turn, the hated tribe aſſail;
Domeſtick faction, may at laſt prevail.
Joſeph, his doting father's life, and joy,
By well-concerted means we muſt deſtroy;
This youth, above the reſt, excites my fear,
Divine preſages in his face appear;

Officious

Officious *Gabriel*'s care to him confin'd,
Foretels a man for mighty things deſign'd:
His brethren, acted by my pow'rful fire,
Againſt his envy'd life ſhall all conſpire.
Joſeph remov'd, old *Jacob*'s greateſt prop,
The race ſhall mourn, in him, their blaſted hope.
Here *Moloch* ceas'd; th' infernal ſpirits roſe,
Crowning the double plot with vaſt applauſe.

BOOK

BOOK II.

Jacob's *Daughter diſhonour'd by* Shechem, *Prince of the* Hivites. *Her Brothers revenge the Injury. The Patriarch relates to his Sons* Abraham's *Conqueſt over the King of* Elam *and his Royal Confederates. He reſcues* Lot. Melchiſedech *meets and bleſſes* Abraham. *The intended Sacrifice of* Iſaac.

YOung *Shechem* all the night impatient lay,
And ſought with eager eyes the breaking day;
With ardent longings waits the promis'd hour,
And fancies all his wiſhes in his pow'r:
Aner, his friend, improves the fatal fire,
And ſooths, with flatt'ring ſcenes, his wild deſire.
Sidonia, guiltleſs of her brother's ſnares,
To grace her lovely *Hebrew* gueſt prepares;
Who with her young companions now appears,
Too innocent for nice reſerves, or fears.

Her

Her artleſs looks, nor tim'rous, nor aſſur'd,
With eaſy charms the *Jebuſites* allur'd:
A roſy tincture paints her guiltleſs face:
Her eyes, peculiar to her beauteous race,
Sparkle with life, and dart immortal grace.
Rich orient bracelets, round her ſnowy arms,
And faultleſs neck, improve her native charms.
The *Hivite* princeſs entertains the maid,
To *Hamor*'s palace fatally betray'd;
Where, at the pomp of one ſurprizing feaſt,
She meets the luxury of all the *Eaſt*.
Her thoughts the proud magnificence admire,
The people's cuſtoms, and their ſtrange attire;
'Till modeſt rules, and the declining day,
With *Leah*'s charge forbid her longer ſtay:
But ah! too late, ſhe finds herſelf betray'd
To *Shechem*'s pow'r, a loſt defenceleſs maid;
A captive in his treach'rous courts retain'd,
By fraud ſeduc'd, and brutal force conſtrain'd,
Her name diſhonour'd, and her nation ſtain'd.

In vain with tender ſighs he ſtrives to move
The injur'd fair to voluntary love;
The ſtricteſt rules of chaſtity ſhe knew,
With all that to her great deſcent was due;

But

But what with gentle arts he fails to gain,
His wild desires by violence obtain.

The hateful tydings reach'd her father's ears,
And almost sunk his venerable years:
Her brothers rage, and for revenge combine;
But guard with secret guile their black design.

The town in feasts consum'd the second day,
And plung'd at night in fearless riot lay.
The restless shepherds e'er the ling'ring dawn,
Each held his sword, for horrid action drawn;
Surpriz'd the city like a rising flood,
Rag'd thro' the streets, and bath'd their swords
in blood.
The *Hebrews* pleas'd with this successful fate,
Sprung furious on, and forc'd the palace gate:
Fierce *Simeon* thro' the bright apartments flew,
And old and young, without distinction, slew.

Shechem, with restless passion still inspir'd,
Was with the charming *Israelite* retir'd;
And first by mad insulting *Levi* found,
Without a pause he gave the desp'rate wound.
Take thy dispatch curst ravisher for hell,
He said; and down the bleeding victim fell:

His

His fatal miſtreſs turns away her eyes,
With horror ſeiz'd, and trembling with ſurprize.
The ſwains her roving vanity upbraid,
And to their tents the penitent convey'd.
Their father griev'd, reproves the bloody fact,
But *Judah* thus defends the hoſtile act.

Should they, a race uncircumcis'd and vile,
With lawleſs mixtures *Abram*'s ſtock defile?
Our wives and ſiſters in our ſight conſtrain;
While we, regardleſs of the ſhameful ſtain,
Stand tamely by, and ſcarce of wrong complain?
They firſt intrench'd on hoſpitable truſt,
And human faith; — our vengeance is but juſt.

Such juſtice never mingle with my fame,
Good *Iſrael* cries, nor ſpot my guiltleſs name!
The realms around, who idol Gods revere
Will this black deed with indignation hear;
And all their policy and rage unite,
To blot our odious mem'ry from the light.

So hell believ'd —— but heav'n a ſacred dread
Of *Jacob*'s ſons among the nations ſpread;
While he at *Bethel* with a pious flame,
Implores the great *unutterable Name.*

From

From thence to *Mamre*'s peaceful plain retires,
Where *Kiriath-arba* lifts her golden ſpires:
Illuſtrious *Arba* built and nam'd the place,
The boaſted father of the giant race;
For them deſign'd the monſtrous plan appear'd,
To heav'n the threatning battlements were rear'd.
In careleſs joys and plenty here they live,
And to the neighb'ring ſwains protection give.

Beneath the hill, on which their city ſtood,
Aſcended high a venerable wood;
The ſolemn ſhades, which gave a ſecret dread,
Conceal'd a vaulted ſtructure for the dead,
Machpelah call'd: with wondrous labour wrought;
This *Abram* of the giant nation bought:
The cave, the wood, the ſprings, and bord'ring field,
Ephron, their prince, by publick contract ſeal'd.

Here to their purchas'd right the ſhepherds drive
Their fleecy charge, and unmoleſted live;
While frequent thro' the conſecrated ground,
Inſcriptions and old monuments they found.
Where'er celeſtial viſions had appear'd,
The pious worſhippers an altar rear'd;

The

The myſtick name, to mortals long unknown,
Was deeply figur'd on the poliſh'd ſtone;
By marks engrav'd on arching rocks, 'twas ſeen,
That heavenly pow'rs had there convers'd with men.

Remote from this a lofty pillar ſtood;
This *Jacob* to the rural concourſe ſhow'd;
Here ſee, he ſaid, the memory retain'd
Of *Abram*'s conqueſt near *Damaſcus* gain'd.

To diſtant lands the *Eaſtern* rule was ſpread,
And *Jordan*'s banks a yearly tribute paid:
The king of *Sodom* firſt contemn'd the yoke,
Admah and *Zeboim* next the treaty broke.
At this the royal *Elamite* enrag'd,
The neighb'ring kings, his great allies, engag'd;
Arioch and mighty *Tidal* join their force,
Conqueſt where'er they turn attends their courſe.
The *Horims* on mount *Seir* their valour prove,
Their troops the *Emims* from their fortreſs drove.

In *Siddim*'s vale the adverſe princes ſtay,
There *Shibna*, *Bera* and *Shemeber* lay.
Amraphel early meets his doubtful foes,
And for the victory his ranks diſpoſe;

But

But ſcarce th' encounter could be call'd a fight,
So ſoon the troops of *Sodom* took their flight:
The coward race, unus'd to charge a foe,
Their jav'lins, ſwords and ſhields at once forgo.
Some ſeek the woods, and ſome a ſhelt'ring cave;
Some in the rocks their breath, inglorious, ſave;
While others plunging down fair *Jordan*'s tyde,
From the ſtern looks of war their faces hide.
Th' invaders ſheath their ſwords, and ſcorn to grace
With martial deaths the deſpicable race.
Bera alone and *Lot* ſuſtain'd the field,
But preſs'd by numbers were compell'd to yield:
Theſe with the riches of the town a prey,
To *Paran*'s hills the conqu'rors bore away.

This *Abram* heard, and gather'd on the plain
A valiant band, his own domeſtick train:
His glad aſſiſtance *Eſhcol* brings, a youth
Of publick honour, and unblemiſh'd truth;
With *Aner*, *Mamre*, dauntleſs both and young,
Brothers, all three from noble *Amor* ſprung.

'Twas night, ſecure the victor army lies,
Scornful of foes, and fearleſs of ſurprize;

By

By heav'n's command a ſudden vapour ſpreads
O'er all the hoſt, and clouds their drowzy heads;
To the high throne of ſenſe ſoft ſlumber climbs,
Slackens their ſinews, and benumbs their limbs;
The captives eyes alone its force repel'd,
Nor to the pleaſing violence would yield.

Now near the camp the brave confed'rates draw,
And by the glimm'ring fires its poſture ſaw:
The foremoſt rank, the ſwift invaders ſlew,
And ſoon the waking pris'ners heard and knew
Their active friends, that to their ſuccour flew.
Abram his nephew, he the reſt unty'd;
The ſleeping foe avenging ſwords ſupply'd:
From file to file the fearleſs brothers paſs,
And leave them breathleſs on the purple graſs.
Th' old patriarch feels new life in ev'ry vein,
And ſcatters wide deſtruction o'er the plain.
The terror grows, the claſh of arms, and cries
Of wounded men afflict the ambient skies.
Prince *Arioch*, ſtartled at the noiſe, awakes,
And from his eyes the fatal ſlumber ſhakes.
At oft-repeated calls his legions arm,
And madly haſte to meet the loud alarm;

But by a force more prevalent out-done,
On certain fate with eager steps they run;
Disorder'd and amaz'd, they quit the field,
And, raving, to their unknown victors yield.

The morning rose, and with her blushing light
Expos'd their damage, and inglorious flight;
The joyful shepherds seize th' abandon'd spoils:
And now returning from their martial toils,
A royal priest at *Salem* *Abram* meets,
With presents, and a benediction greets
The *Hebrew* bands:—to heav'n he lifts his eyes,
And blest be that propitious pow'r, he cries,
Who walks the crystal circuit of the skies;
Who hears the boasts of mortals with disdain,
Contemns their force, and makes their triumphs vain!
His mein was solemn, and his face divine,
Refulgent gems around his temples shine:
His graceful robe, a bright celestial blue,
Trailing behind, a train majestick drew.
The tenth of all great *Abram* gives the priest,
The kings and *Amorites* divide the rest.
All pleas'd, the gen'rous conqu'ror loudly prais'd,
And to his fame this lasting column rais'd.

The

The ſwains were liſt'ning ſtill, when *Jacob* cries,
To yonder mountain now direct your eyes;
For there a brighter ſcene of glory lies.
'Twas there the wond'ring ſun in *Abram* view'd
The nobleſt height of human fortitude;
The pious man in guiltleſs ſleep lay drown'd,
When thro' his ears thunder'd this fatal ſound.

Ariſe, and *Iſaac* on mine altar lay,
With thy own hand the deſtin'd victim ſlay.
He ſtarts, and cries, who can this thought inſpire?
Can heav'n this monſtrous ſacrifice require?

The dreadful call again ſurpriz'd his ears,
And lo! the well-known heav'nly form appears.
He bow'd, and at the purple dawn aroſe,
And with his darling to *Moriah* goes.
Aſtoniſh'd long he by the altar ſtood,
Then pil'd with trembling hands the ſacred wood;
Half dead himſelf; the wond'ring youth he binds,
Who now his ſire's ſevere intention finds.

What thoughts, he ask'd, my father, have
poſſeſt
Your ſoul? what horrid fury fills your breaſt?
Am I to hell a ſacrifice deſign'd?
Some cruel demon muſt your reaſon blind.
Th' unblemiſh'd skies abhor this bloody deed,
No human victims on their altars bleed.

'Tis heav'n, the patriarch ſaid, this fact re-
quires,
'Tis heav'n — be witneſs yon etherial fires!
Yet, countleſs as the ſtars, from thee muſt ſpring
Victorious nations, and the *myſtick King*:
'Tis paſt relief — yet by himſelf he ſwore,
Who from the dead thy relicks can reſtore;
What obſtacle ſurmounts almighty pow'r?

This ſaid, the pious youth reſign'd his life;
Bleſt *Abram* ſhook off all paternal ſtrife,
And forward thruſt the conſecrated knife.
As lightning from the skies, an angel broke,
And warded with his hand the fatal ſtroke;
When thus a voice ſtreams downward from above,
Breathing divine beneficence and love.

By

By my great ſelf I ſwear, to bleſs thy race
With endleſs favour, and peculiar grace;
Thy ſcepter'd ſons the ſpacious *Eaſt* ſhall ſway,
While vanquiſh'd kings obedient tribute pay.

Here *Jacob* ends, and to his tent retires;
Their fleecy charge the parting ſwains requires.

BOOK III.

The infernal Powers endeavour to raiſe Factions in Jacob's *Family.* Joſeph's *Dreams. His Brothers Jealouſy and Malice. He comes to* Dothan. *They confine him in a Pit while they conſult his Ruin. An Angel in a Viſion preſages to him his future Greatneſs, and warns him of the Snares of Beauty and unlawful Love. His Brothers ſpare his Life and ſell him to the* Midian *Merchants travelling with their ſpicy Traffick into* Egypt. Jacob *obſtinate in Grief refuſes all Conſolation.*

MEAN time the *Pagan* deities diſpleas'd,
To find the publick ſtorms ſo ſoon appeas'd,
Studious attempt by new malicious ways,
Among the *Hebrews* civil jars to raiſe:
Moloch already had provok'd the ſtrife,
And kindling miſchief threatens *Joſeph*'s life.

The

The lovely youth, fair *Rachel*'s boaſted ſon,
Compleatly form'd, his ſeventeenth year begun;
His mother's ſparkling eyes, and blooming grace,
Mixt with ſeverer ſtrokes, adorn'd his face.
Not he that in *Sabea*'s fragrant grove,
(As poets ſung) enflam'd the queen of love;
Nor *Hylas*, nor *Narciſſus* look'd ſo gay,
When the clear ſtreams his roſie bluſh diſplay.

In all his conduct ſomething noble ſhone,
Which meant him for a greatneſs yet unknown.
Viſions had oft' his riſing fate foretold:
The laſt to *Jacob* thus his lips unfold,
His brethren by: — when ſleep had clos'd mine eyes,
A corny field before my fancy flies;
(Still to my thoughts the yellow crop appears!)
My brothers with me reap'd the bending ears;
Induſtrious each a ſingle ſheaf had bound,
When theirs with ſudden motion mine ſurround,
And bow'd with proſtrate rev'rence to the ground.
But now my mind of rural buſineſs clear'd,
Above my head a wond'rous ſcene appear'd;

The moon and ſtars at higheſt noon ſhone bright,
Unconquer'd by the ſun's ſuperiour light;
Methought I ſaw the gaudy orbs deſcend,
And at my feet with humble homage bend.

The ſhepherds hear his ſtory with ſurprize:
Muſt we thy vaſſals be? Proud *Aſhur* cries,
With rage and threat'ning malice in his eyes.

At *Mamre*, *Jacob* and his fav'rite ſtay,
The reſt to *Dothan*'s flow'ry meadows ſtray:
Infernal envy all their boſoms fires,
And black reſolves and horrid thoughts inſpires:
At laſt young *Joſeph*'s murder is deſign'd,
Hell with the monſtrous treachery combin'd.

He comes to *Dothan*, by his father ſent,
And heav'n alone his ruin can prevent.
Their guiltleſs prey, he ſtands without defence,
But inborn worth, and fearleſs innocence.
His Brethren's crimes, his father's hoary hairs
Were all the ſubject that alarm'd his fears.

The fatal ſtroke they now prepare to give,
When *Reuben*'s arts the hopeleſs youth retrieve,
By thus adviſing, — let your brother live.
A thouſand eaſy methods yet remain,
To render all his glorious projects vain;
But till we have determin'd the deſign,
To yonder pit th' aſpiring boy confine.
To him they yield, and to their tents retire,
The fiends below their own ſucceſs admire.

The night prevails, and draws her ſable train,
With ſilent pace, along th' etherial plain.
By fits the dancing ſtars exert their beams;
The ſilver creſcent glimmers on the ſtreams;
The ſluggiſh waters, with a drowzy roar,
And ling'ring motion, roll along the ſhore;
Their murmur anſwers to the ruſtling breeze,
That faintly whiſpers thro' the nodding trees;
The peaceful echoes undiſturb'd with ſound,
Lay ſlumbring in the cavern'd hills around;
Frenzy and faction, love and envy ſlept;
A ſtill ſolemnity all nature kept;
Devotion only wak'd, and to the skies
Directs the pris'ner's pious vows and eyes:

To

To God's high throne a wing'd petition flew,
And from the skies commiſſion'd *Gabriel* drew;
One of the ſeven, who by appointed turns
Before the throne ambroſial incenſe burns.

A ſudden day, returning on the night,
Vanquiſh'd the ſhades, and put the ſtars to flight;
Th' enlighten'd cave receives the ſhining gueſt,
In all his heav'nly pomp divinely dreſt;
He greets the youth, and thus his charge expreſs'd.

To morrow thou muſt leave rich *Jordan*'s ſhore,
And trace *Moriah*'s ſacred hill no more;
A great and grateful nation yet unknown,
Say'd by thy care, ſhall thee their patron own;
But let thy breaſt impenetrable prove
To wanton beauty, and forbidden love:
This heav'n enjoins.—The wond'ring ſhepherd bow'd;
The angel mounted on a radiant cloud.

The morning now her lovely face diſplay'd,
And with a roſy ſmile diſpell'd the ſhade.

The

The faction roſe, and cloſe in council ſate,
On means that muſt determine *Joſeph*'s fate;
Nor long they ſate, for on the neighb'ring road
A train of camels with their ſpicy load,
Follow'd by *Midian* merchants travell'd by:
Heav'n marks the way, the envious brothers cry;
Whate'er th' ambitious dreamer's thoughts portend,
His hopes with theſe to foreign lands we'll ſend.

They ſtop the *Midianites*, and ſoon agree,
Reſolv'd no more his hated face to ſee.
With looks, which perfect inward anguiſh tell,
And falling tears, he took this ſad farewel.

I go to wander on ſome barb'rous clime,
May heav'nly juſtice ne'er avenge this crime!
Be ſtill indulgent to my father's age,
His grief for me with flatt'ring hopes aſſwage.

They hear, they ſee the anguiſh of his ſoul,
And ſcarce their ſtrugling pity can controul;
Touch'd with ſo ſad a ſcene, they all begin
To feel remorſe for this unnatural ſin,
And half repent; but hate and envy prove
Their victor paſſions, and repreſs their love.

They

They form a ſpecious fraud, to hide the deed
From their old ſire, and in the plot ſucceed.
Their brother's varied coat they ſtill retain'd,
And with a bleeding kid the veſtment ſtain'd;
With this to *Mamre* treach'rous *Simeon* goes,
Too well the loſt old-man the relick knows.
After a diſmal pauſe, his ſorrow breaks
Its violent way, and this ſad language ſpeaks.

My ſon!—alas, ſome ſavage monſter's prey!
Why have I liv'd to this deteſted day?
Why have I lingred thus? I ſhould have dy'd,
When thy more happy mother left my ſide,
My beſt lov'd wife:—but all my *Rachel*'s face
I could in thy reſembling features trace.
Tormenting thought!—O hide me from the light!
Its uſeleſs rays afflict my feeble ſight:
Come lead me to the ſolitary grave,
Deſpair and woe that dark retirement crave;
There ſhall I ſtretch'd upon my duſty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead.

In vain his friends attempt to bring relief,
In vain perſuade inexorable grief;
'Tis deep, and intermingled with his ſoul,
Nor time, nor counſel can its force controul.

BOOK IV.

A Deſcription of Egypt, *with the Pyramids.* Joſeph *ſold by the* Midian *Merchants to a Captain of the Royal Guards. He leads him to his Palace. Shews his Wife the handſome Captive. Her growing Paſſion for him. A young* Aſſyrian *Maid endeavouring to amuſe and divert her Miſtreſs, tells her the Story of* Ninus *and* Semiramis.

MEAN while thro ſavage woods, and deſarts vaſt,
The captive with his *Midian* maſters paſt.
At laſt rich *Egypt*'s pleaſant coaſts are ſeen,
The level meads dreſt with immortal green;
Between them fertile *Nile* directs his courſe,
And nobly flows from his immortal ſource.
Along the borders of the ſacred flood,
Aſpiring groves and ſtately cities ſtood:
Here antient *Tanais* in her height appear'd,
Before *Amphion*'s lute the *Theban* wall had rear'd.

The

The ſun's devoted city, radiant *On*,
With roofs emboſs'd, and golden foliage ſhone;
E'er skilful *Vulcan* was at *Lemnos* nam'd,
Or *Cynthia*'s darts, or ſhields for *Pallas* fram'd.

Diſtinct from theſe, on the *Peluſian* ſtrands,
Anſana crown'd with ſilver turrets ſtands;
Rais'd to its height, as old tradition tells,
By pow'rful magick, and ſecur'd by ſpells:
Th' *Egyptian* wizards here themſelves immure,
Converſe with hell, and practiſe rites impure.

Now mighty pyramids the ſight ſurprize,
On *Maſre*'s plain the ſpiral tow'rs ariſe.
Redouſa here magnificently ſhrouds
Its lofty head among ſurrounding clouds:
By *Saurid* built, the daring ſtructure ſtood
The fury of the univerſal flood.
Phacat and *Samir*'s pointed tops aſcend,
And o'er the fields their length'ning ſhades extend;
Their compaſs ſacred to the dead remain,
Within eternal night and ſilence reign;
No lightſome ray ſalutes them from the ſky,
But glaring lamps depending from on high,
With fickly gleams the hollow ſpace ſupply.

Here

Here antient kings, embalm'd with wondrous coſt,
A long exemption from corruption boaſt:
In artful figures ſome are ſitting plac'd,
With fruitleſs pomp, and idle enſigns grac'd;
While others ſtretch'd in ſleeping poſtures lie,
On folding carpets of imperial dye:
Their hov'ring ghoſts, pleas'd with this mimick pride,
Among the breathleſs carcaſſes reſide.
But what prodigious things within were ſhown,
Were to the *Hebrew* ſtranger yet unknown,
Aſtoniſh'd at their outward bulk alone.

And now arriv'd where *Zoan*'s wall enclos'd
Imperial tow'rs, the *Midianites* expos'd
Their fragrant traffick, with the handſome ſlave:
His mind beyond his years compos'd and grave,
His aſpect ſomething ſpoke divinely great,
Something that mark'd him for a nobler fate.

A generous captain, chief of *Pharaoh*'s bands,
Admiring much the graceful captive, ſtands,
Then gives the *Midianites* their full demands.
A ſudden friendſhip in his breaſt he finds,
Experienc'd only by unvulgar minds:

Some

Some heav'nly being had prepar'd his thought,
And on his heart the kind impreſſion wrought.

Without regret, young ſtranger, follow me,
Said *Potiphar*, I now have ranſom'd thee;
From ſervitude this moment thou art free.

The youth receiv'd the favour with a grace,
That anſwer'd all the promiſe of his face.

Fronting the royal houſe, a ſtructure crown'd
With turrets ſtood, and palmy groves around;
Diſcourſing, hither thro the walks they went,
Both pleas'd alike, and equally content.

The ſeat they reach'd, when for a coſtly veſt
The maſter call'd, in this the youth they dreſs'd;
No more diſparag'd with a ſlave's attire,
His faultleſs ſhape and features all admire.
His hair, like paleſt amber, from his crown
In floating curls, and ſhining waves fell down.
Young *Paris* ſuch ſurprizing charms diſplay'd,
When firſt in gold and *Tyrian* ſilks array'd,
He laid his crook aſide, forgot the ſwain,
And bid adieu to *Ida*'s flow'ry plain.

Then

Then for his wife the captain bids them ſend,
And ſhews with boaſting joy his purchas'd friend.

The fair *Sabrina*, lately made his bride,
Was in her beauty's celebrated pride.
Her large black eyes ſhone with a ſprightly fire,
And love at ev'ry fatal glance inſpire.
The ſwarthy luſtre of her charming face
The full-blown lilly and the roſe diſgrace.
Her gloſſy hair outvy'd the raven's wings,
And curl'd about her neck in wanton rings.
Affectedly ſhe took a careleſs view,
And to her own apartment ſoon withdrew.

Joſeph belov'd and happy long remain'd,
And from his lord ſucceſſive favours gain'd;
Who now at home grown proſp'rous, and abroad,
Believes his gueſt ſome favourable god:
He gives him o'er his houſe the full command,
Entruſting all his treaſures to his hand.

Mean time *Sabrina* feeds within her breaſt
A ſecret fire, but ſhame its rage ſuppreſt.
When firſt ſhe ſaw the charming *Hebrew*'s eyes,
She felt, but well diſſembled the ſurprize;

But thro' her various arts an inward care
The languors of her penſive looks declare.

Cyrena found the change, (a *Syrian* maid
Well-born but from her native coaſts betray'd):
She ſaw the change, but led by nicer laws,
Was thoughtleſs ſtill of its reproachful cauſe.
Her voice, her eaſy wit, and eloquence,
Could hold the wildeſt paſſion in ſuſpenſe.
Attending oft her miſtreſs to a grove,
Their uſual walk, with pleaſing tales ſhe ſtrove
To entertain her thoughts, and charm her grief;
Nor fail'd her arts to give a ſhort relief.
Her native clime the pleaſing ſubject proves,
The *Syrian* pomp, their cuſtoms, and their loves;
Among the reſt *Sabrina* hears her name
Semiramis, a queen of ancient fame,
And ask'd her now the ſtory to relate;
Repos'd beneath a ſpreading palm they ſate.

BOOK V.

The Story of Semiramis, *expos'd, when an Infant, in the Fields; where ſhe is found, (covered with a rich embroidered Mantle,) by a Peaſant, who carries her to* Simma, *the chief of the King's Shepherds, by whom ſhe is married to* Menon, *the principal Commander of the* Aſſyrian *Forces.* Menon *being called to the Seige of* Bactria, *ſhe follows him in a martial Diſguiſe.* Menon *diſcovers her Sex to the King, who marries her, after the Death of* Menon.

THE maid begins.-Where fam'd *Coaspes* laves
Rich *Elam*'s borders with his ſacred waves,
Along the fields their tents the ſhepherds ſpread,
By them the King's unnumber'd flocks were fed.

The ſilent dawn was miſty yet and grey,
And hoary moiſture on the mountains lay.
Intent on rural cares, with early haſte,
A peaſant near a rocky cavern paſt;
Acroſs his path was rais'd a moſſy bed,
O'er that a rich embroider'd mantle ſpread;

This, lifted up, reveal'd a lovely child,
Which fairer than the roſy morning ſmil'd:
The wond'ring ſwain forgot his country cares,
And back to *Simma*'s houſe the infant bears.

Simma his maſter was, tho' wealthy, juſt:
The royal lands and flocks were made his truſt;
He riches ſtill amaſs'd without an heir,
And ſeeing now the child ſurpaſſing fair,
He took and bred her with indulgent care:
In nothing he controuls her growing years,
No coſt to pleaſe her boundleſs fancy ſpares.

When, by revolving moons, ſucceſſive time
Had brought her beauty to its perfect prime,
Her ſhape was faultleſs, and in all her mein
Preſaging marks of majeſty were ſeen:
No mortal e'er could boaſt ſo fair a face,
Such radiant eyes, aud ſo divine a grace.
A flow'ry wreath her beauteous temples crown'd,
Her ſnowy veſt a crimſon girdle bound:
Thus dreſs'd ſhe walks a goddeſs o'er the plains,
Admir'd and lov'd by all the gazing ſwains;
To her the fragrant tribute of the ſpring,
With am'rous zeal on bended knees they bring.

Not

Not diſtant far from wealthy *Simma*'s ſeat,
Heroick *Menon* own'd a fair retreat;
His rank, and early worth, the high command
Of all the fam'd *Aſſyrian* force had gain'd:
In peaceful times the chief whom all admir'd,
To prove a ſofter happineſs retir'd;
'Twas here *Semiramis* his wiſhes fir'd.
With raviſh'd eyes her heav'nly face he view'd,
And for the glorious prize to *Simma* ſu'd;
Proffer'd with ſacred rites his vows to bind:
This honour pleas'd the haughty virgin's mind;
On meaner terms ſhe had his ſuit deny'd;
With virtue guarded and a noble pride.
The lover finds ſucceſs, but all his joys
A ſudden ſummons from the King deſtroys.

Bactria revolts, *Ninus* the tydings hears,
Himſelf in arms to meet the foe prepares.
But three ſhort days ungentle fate allows
Sad *Menon*, for his ſighs and parting vows:
He curſt his martial charge, and publick fame,
And loaths th' encumbrance of a glorious name,
Which rends him now from all the joys of life,
His lov'd *Semiramis*, his charming wife.

She hears the King's command with leſs ſur-
prize,
And, *Menon*, baniſh all your care, ſhe cries.
We cannot —— 'tis impoſſible to part,
Love with heroick courage fires my heart.
To follow you thro' raging ſeas I'd go,
O'er burning deſarts, or perpetual ſnow.
By your example led, I ſhall not fear,
The flying arrow, or the pointed ſpear;
Pierc'd with a fatal dart, were *Menon* by,
'Twould be a ſoft, an eaſy thing, to die.
Th' event be what it will, with you I'll run
To certain death, nor any danger ſhun;
Be witneſs to my vows thou radiant Sun!
Nor can th' advent'rous deed my conduct ſtain,
Secure with you the ſecret ſhall remain;
I boldly can defy all other eyes,
In threat'ning armour, and a martial guiſe.

New pleaſure fills the hero's breaſt, to find
Such beauty, love, and ſteadfaſt virtue join'd.
A thouſand kind tranſporting things he ſaid,
A thouſand vows of laſting paſſion made:
Then for a rich habiliment of war
He ſent, and dreſs'd himſelf the ſmiling fair.

A coſtly

A coſtly helmet glitter'd on her head,
On which a dove its ſilver pinions ſpread;
A plume of whiteſt feathers danc'd above,
With every trembling breath of air they move.
Th' embroider'd ſcarf that o'er her armour flow'd,
With dazling flames of gold and ſcarlet glow'd.
Her hand a javelin ſhook with mimick pride,
A painted quiver ratled by her ſide.
Her height and mein adorn the warlike dreſs,
More vig'rous rays her charming eyes expreſs.
The courſer, of his beauteous burden proud,
With golden trappings bounded thro' the crow'd.

Menon, of *Syrian* arms the grace and pride,
Kept near the lovely maſquerader's ſide.
On *Dura*'s plain the *Babylonian* force
In ranks attend their mighty leader's courſe.
While *Ninus*, graceful as a martial god,
Exalted on his glittering chariot rode.

The *Bactrians* their approaching foes diſdain,
Reſolv'd their fortreſs bravely to maintain;
And long the town with matchleſs courage held,
And oft' to flight th' *Armenian* troops compell'd:
Till bold *Semiramis*, who danger ſought,
And fearleſs in the foremoſt ranks had fought,

Obſerv'd a rock, which o'er a caſtle lean'd;
The *Bactrians* this were careleſs to defend,
Believing it from all acceſs ſecure:
She finds a path among the cliffs obſcure;
Then with a choſen band intrepid gains
The top, and ſoon the unguarded fort obtains.
The town thus made the fierce beſieger's prey,
To her they gave the conqueſt of the day.
All prais'd the youth, (for ſuch ſhe was believ'd,)
Her bold addreſs each party had deceiv'd;
But *Ninus* moſt her fortitude admires,
He views her blooming youth, her race enquires.

Menon in dotage loſt, with fooliſh pride,
No more the fatal ſecret ſtrives to hide;
Nor once imagin'd this unlucky boaſt,
The joy of all his future life muſt coſt.
Ninus with other eyes her beauty views,
In other terms his gratitude renews.

To *Babylon* return'd, he yet conceal'd
His growing flame, by *Menon*'s worth withheld;
Too well he with a ſad reflection knows,
What to his counſel, and his ſword he owes;
Theſe gen'rous ties at firſt his love oppoſe:

But

But nothing can th' encreaſing rage reſtrain;
By gentle means he yet his end would gain.

Menon, he ſaid, my wiſhes to procure,
I'll give thee cities, and a boundleſs ſtore
Of gold, and precious gems, and for a bride,
A blooming Princeſs to the crown ally'd:
All this, and more, to gain her love I'll give;
Without *Semiramis* I cannot live.

Reſenting *Menon*, with a handſome pride,
Refus'd his offers, and the ſuit deny'd.

The ſofter ſex he next attempts to gain;
She too rejects his paſſion with diſdain.
What now avail the glories of the *Eaſt*?
Nor wealth, nor empire can procure his reſt.
Tir'd with unheeded ſighs, and fruitleſs pray'r,
He tries more rig'rous means to eaſe his care;
And threatens thus: with my deſires comply,
Or ſoon prepare to ſee your hero die.

From *Menon*, this ſhe hides, who leſs ſevere
Obſerves her to the am'rous King appear:
His fondneſs with the jealous paſſion grows;
No joy, no lightſome interval he knows,
The mingled frenzy gives him no repoſe.

She

She falſe! he cries, my fair, enchanting wife!
And can I yet protract this wretched life;
This anxious heart, with hopeleſs grief oppreſs'd,
In death's cold ſhade ſhall find perpetual reſt.
He ſaid; then all the hoſtile ſtars defy'd,
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his ſide.

A long adieu! *Semiramis*, he cries;
With thoſe lov'd accents on his lips he dies:
She hears the parting groan, and to his ſuccour flies.

Sunk on the floor ſhe ſees her lover bleed,
Himſelf the author of the barb'rous deed;
But true to love, and virtue's ſtricteſt laws,
She neither knew, nor could ſuſpect the cauſe.
Seiz'd with a ſudden horror and ſurprize,
She faints, and near the breathleſs carcaſs lies;
Her frighted women to her reſcue haſte,
And wake the doubtful ſpark of life, at laſt.
A hollow groan enſues; with feeble ſight
She meets the day, and loaths the flaſhing light.
A ſteadfaſt ſorrow in her face appears,
Above the ſoft relief of female tears;
Silent as death, her words no utt'rance find,
To tell the inward anguiſh of her mind:

A fixt

A fixt, ſedate, and rational deſpair
Compos'd her looks, and ſettled in her air.

In ſuch a ſullen calm the billows ſleep,
So ſmooth an aſpect wears the gloomy deep;
While treach'rous winds their gath'ring breath refrain,
Preſaging tempeſts on the troubled main.

Th' impatient prince with juſt reſpect attends
Her ebbing grief, and long his flame ſuſpends;
And long her ſtedfaſt thoughts relentleſs prove
To proffer'd empire, and inviting love:
Till fate it ſelf her ſtubborn heart inclin'd
To take a crown, by all the ſtars deſign'd,
And fill a ſphere proportion'd to her mind.

Ninus was now of ev'ry wiſh poſſeſt,
With ſov'reign rule and brighter pleaſure bleſt;
But ah! how ſhort a boaſt has mortal joy?
What ſudden ſtorms the flatt'ring calm deſtroy?
What human privilege, what lawleſs pow'r
Can one ſhort day retard th' appointed hour?

Thrice thro' the midnight ſilence, from the ground,
The ſtartled monarch hears a warning ſound;

Thrice

Thrice *Menon*'s ghoſt, a frowning ſpectre ſtands,
And ſeems to beckon with his airy hands.
A ſudden faintneſs ſeiz'd his trembling heart,
While haſty life retires from every part;
Speechleſs and pale his eye-balls roll in death,
While with reluctant pangs he yields his breath.

The mournful princeſs to his merit juſt,
With wond'rous pomp interr'd the royal duſt:
High on a mount his ſepulchre ſhe plac'd,
With marble ſpires, and pointed arches grac'd.
She bids farewel to love's deceitful flame;
Reſolv'd to leave behind a glorious name,
In coſtly ſtructures of immortal fame.

A lofty dome to *Belus* firſt ſhe built:
The inward roof with dazling ſilver gilt;
The God was faſhion'd in a wond'rous mould,
With perfect art; his bulk was maſſy gold;
His ſacred utenſils were all the ſame,
While fragrant oils in golden ſockets flame.

Old *Babel* next with boundleſs coſt ſhe wall'd;
And *Babylon* the ſpacious city call'd;

Its

Its bounds with forts and battlements were crown'd,
And compaſs'd in an endleſs tract of ground,
Valleys and level'd hills the vaſt extent ſurround:
Where fronting ranks of palaces were ſeen,
With ſtreams, and groves, and painted meads between.
Euphrates in its courſe the town divides,
While thro' the midſt his ſtately current glides:
Around the place a hundred gates unfold,
Thro' which a hundred glitt'ring chariots roll'd;
Which all for ſtate attend the queen's commands,
When ſhe her progreſs makes thro' diſtant lands.
Reſolv'd to viſit now the neighb'ring *Medes*,
Her train ſhe o'er the lofty *Sagris* leads.
At pompous *Ecbatana* now ſhe ſtaid,
And all her own magnificence diſplay'd.
Gay projects here employ'd her active mind,
Gardens, and ſeats of pleaſure ſhe deſign'd;
Luxurious nature with her art combin'd.

Not far from thence a plain extended lay,
With ſtately groves and flow'ry verdure gay;
The ſpreading palm, the cedar, and the pine,
Arching above their mingled branches join.

Semiramis

Semiramis now turns an ancient flood,
With matchleſs labour, thro' the charming wood;
The plenteous ſtream in various rills divides,
While marble bounds confine the chryſtal tydes.
In marble baſons of an equal row,
Myrtle, and balm, and flow'ry *Caſſia* grow.
Prodigious rocks intire were hither brought,
Smooth arches thro' their craggy ſides were wrought:
Here artificial hills, their ſummits rear,
For ſhade retiring grotts around appear.
In various bloom the valleys ſtood below,
From far the beauteous *Syrian* roſes glow.
All that perfumes the bleſt *Sabæan* fields
Grows here, with all that ſacred *Nyſa* yields.
Here breath'd the fragrant *Calamus*, and *Fir*,
Cinnamon, *Frankincenſe*, and weeping *Myrrhe*.
Shrill birds among the ſpicy branches ſing,
Their warbling notes along the valleys ring:
The winds and waters with a gentle noiſe
Double the ſound, and anſwer ev'ry voice.

The Queen awhile had theſe diverſions prov'd,
And then her court to *Babylon* remov'd:

But

But ah! what heights of happineſs are free
From fickle chance, or certain deſtiny?
The princeſs finds a ſwift decay controul
The uſual force, and vigour of her ſoul;
Nor ſtruggling nature could its force repel,
While heav'n and earth the publick change foretel.

She from the oracle enquires th' event,
The flatt'ring prieſts this pleaſing anſwer ſent:
That from the Gods ſhe drew her heav'nly race,
And ſhortly muſt th' immortal number grace.
Pleas'd with the glories of her future ſtate,
She yields without reluctance to her fate.

Cyrena ends her tale; the cloſing day
Withdrew its ſplendor, and forbid their ſtay.

BOOK VI.

Joſeph's Miſtreſs at laſt diſcovers her criminal Paſſion to him, but is repuls'd. She complains to her Nurſe, who vainly tries the Force of Spells. She is ſent by her Miſtreſs to Harpinus. *His Cell deſcrib'd. He conſults the Planets, and flatters her with Succeſs, till finding the* Hebrew *Youth inflexible to all her Charms, ſhe falſely accuſes him to his Maſter, by whom he is confined to a Priſon.*

STILL with impatient love *Sabrina* pines,
And now to ſpeak the fatal truth deſigns;
Sooth'd by her own indulgent hopes, which trace
A ſecret paſſion in the *Hebrew*'s face.
He ſighs, and when he thinks himſelf alone,
Oft ſeems ſome new misfortune to bemoan,
In foreign accents, and a tongue unknown.
Her vanity an explanation found,
And put a ſenſe on every flatt'ring ſound.
Forgetful of her nuptial vows and fame,
She fondly thus betrays her guilty flame.

If

If yet my torments are to thee unknown,
If yet my ſighs the myſt'ry have not ſhewn,
Inſenſible, —— let this confeſſion prove
The ſtrange exceſs, and grandeur of my love.
Yet had I ſtill my wild deſires ſuppreſt,
Had not thine eyes an equal flame confeſt.

Let me be puniſh'd with the laſt diſdain,
He ſaid, if e'er I harbour'd thoughts ſo vain!
I ne'er *Sabrina*'s favour ſo abus'd,
Nor once your virtue in my heart accus'd.
Should I perfidious (heav'n forbid!) offend
My gen'rous maſter, —— I might ſay my friend;
Let ſcandal ſink my name, when ſo unjuſt
I prove, ſo falſe to hoſpitable truſt!

Thus with a modeſt turn he would reclaim
Her am'rous frenzy, and conceal her ſhame;
Nor waits her leave, but haſtily withdrew.
Careleſs her limbs upon a couch ſhe threw,
And curſt her folly with a thouſand tears;
Till *Iphicle* her artful nurſe appears:
Of ſo much grief ſhe preſs'd to know the cauſe,
At laſt the ſecret from her miſtreſs draws.

You wrong, the *Beldam* cries, your own deſert,
For you have charms, the youth a human heart.
Your beauty might a ſavage breaſt inſpire,
At ſight of you the coldeſt age takes fire.
But where's the wonder that a baſhful boy
Should, at the firſt addreſs, be nice and coy?
He loves no doubt, and languiſhes like you,
But fears th' ambitious motive to purſue:
Nor ſhall your utmoſt wiſhes want redreſs,
I have a draught that gives divine ſucceſs;
Nepenthe, which th' immortals quaff above,
Theſe ſacred drops rewarded *Chemis'* love.

When *Totis*, by his death, the full command
Of *Miſraim* left in fair *Charoba's* hand,
The rich *Gebirus* from *Chaldea* came
With foreign pomp to ſeek the royal dame.
Chemis adorn'd his train, whoſe charming face
Allur'd a goddeſs of the wat'ry race;
On *Nilus'* banks the young *Chaldean* ſtood,
When lo! *Merina* riſing from the flood,
Her chariot ſet with pearl, the wave divides,
Softly along the ſilver ſtream ſhe glides.
Her robes with pearl and ſparkling rubies ſhine,
Her brighter eyes expreſs a light divine.

Nor

Nor from her humid bed the blooming day
Has e'er aſcended with a clearer ray.
Her ſmiles the raging tempeſts could appeaſe,
Allay the winds, and calm the ſwelling ſeas.
She leaves her chryſtal vaults, and coral groves,
Her liquid kingdoms, and immortal loves,
And o'er the graſſy meads with *Themis* roves.
At parting gave him this celeſtial ſpell,
Which every good procures, and can each ill repel.
My mother from this youth derives her line,
And this ſhe left me, as a gift divine,
By all her anceſtors preſerv'd with care;
One heav'nly drop ſhall baniſh your deſpair.

Her flatt'ring nurſe's charm ſhe vainly tries,
For *Joſeph* ſtill her hateful paſſion flies:
But obſtinate in love, to gain her ends,
To fam'd *Anſana Iphicle* ſhe ſends.

Harpinus there an uncouth dwelling own'd,
Planted with yew and mournful cypreſs round;
Whoſe ſhadows every pleaſing thought controul,
And fill with deep anxiety the ſoul.
Hither black fiends at dead of night advance,
The horned *Serim* thro' the darkneſs dance:

From earth, from air, and from the briny deep
They come, and here nocturnal revels keep.
From gloomy *Acheruſia*, and the fen
Of *Serbon*, and the foreſt of *Birdene*;
From *Ophiodes*, the ſerpent iſle, they come,
And *Syrtes*, where fantaſtick ſpectres roam;
From *Chabnus*, and the wild *Pſebarian* peak,
Whoſe hoary cliffs the clouds long order break.

In helliſh banquets, and obſcene delights,
The curſt aſſembly here conſume the nights.
The ſick'ning moon her feeble light with-holds,
In ſable clouds her argent horns ſhe folds;
The conſtellations quench their glimm'ring fire,
And frighted far to diſtant skies retire.

Amidſt theſe horrors, in his ecchoing cells,
And winding vaults, the Necromancer dwells:
Paſſing from room to room, the brazen doors
Reſound, as when exploded thunder roars.
The day excluded thence, blue ſulphur burns,
With frightful ſplendor, in a thouſand urns.
The wizard here employs his mighty ſpells,
And great events by divination tells;
Inſcribing myſtick figures on the ground,
And mutt'ring words of an unlawful ſound;

Which

Which from their tombs the ſhiv'ring ghoſts compel,
And force them future ſecrets to reveal.
The ſtars he knew, when adverſe, or benign;
When with malignant influence they ſhine,
Or, darting proſp'rous rays, to love incline.

The nurſe a pleaſing anſwer here obtain'd,
And thus *Sabrina*'s drooping thoughts ſuſtain'd.
The third ſucceeding day ſhall crown your love,
And every am'rous ſtar propitious prove.

Sabrina feeds the while her guilty flame,
And now the third appointed morning came;
When for the favour'd youth in haſte ſhe ſends:
The meſſage with reluctance he attends.
Silent ſhe ſits; while waiting her commands,
Fix'd at a formal diſtance long he ſtands.
Her eyes ſtill fix'd on *Joſeph*'s beauteous face,
A cloſe contempt, and inward hatred trace;
Yet deſp'rate to compleat her own diſgrace.

Ungrateful youth! ſhe cries, too well I find
By theſe cold looks, thy unrelenting mind.

Thy ſavage temper, and unconquer'd pride,
By words of ſacred import thou wouldſt hide.
Thou talk'ſt of holy ties, and rules ſevere,
Pretending ſome avenging God to fear.
What God, alas! does cruelty command?
Or human bliſs maliciouſly withſtand?
Such thoughts as theſe the heav'nly powers arraign,
Efface their goodneſs, and their juſtice ſtain.
Would they the gen'rous principle controul,
Who gave this am'rous byaſs to the ſoul?
What nature is, they made it: nor can bind
With ſervile laws the freedom of the mind:
Were this our lot, happy the brutal kind,
That unmoleſted thro' the foreſt rove,
Licentious in their choice, and unconfin'd in love!
Virtue! —— a meer imaginary thing!
Torment it may, but can no pleaſure bring.
Honour! —— 'tis nothing but precarious fame,
For empty breath, for a fantaſtick name.
Wilt thou my ſoft entreaties ſtill deny,
And ſee me languiſh, and unpitied die?
Conſent at laſt to love's enchanting joys,
While pleaſure calls thee with her tempting voice:

Theſe folding curtains ſhall our bliſs conceal,
That no intruding eye our theft reveal.

Deluded fair! the noble youth replies,
Could we ſome artful labyrinth deviſe
To hide our ſin, and far from mortal ſight
Retire, involv'd in all the ſhades of night;
Yet there,—expos'd to heav'n's unclouded view,
Its vengeance would our treachery purſue;
Diſtinguiſh'd plagues would ſoon our guilt expoſe,
While all your ſex's glory you muſt loſe.
To *Potiphar* alone your vows belong,
In him a tender lover you muſt wrong.
For me, where ſhould I hide my hated face,
Could I be conſcious of a crime ſo baſe?
No, let me thro' the yawning earth deſcend,
Rather than with ſuch inſolence offend
The laws of God, and kindneſs of my friend!
My Maſter's favours, endleſs to recite,
When I with ſuch ingratitude requite;
When with a thought ſo horrid and prophane,
My faith and ſpotleſs loyalty I ſtain;
Let wrathful lightnings flaſhing round my head,
And bolts of raging thunder ſtrike me dead!

Let execrations, and eternal ſhame
Deſtroy my peace, and blaſt my hated name!

Theſe words with ſuch an awful air he ſpoke,
Celeſtial virtue ſparkling in his look,
His haughty miſtreſs all her hopes reſign'd,
And felt a diff'rent frenzy ſeize her mind:
Aſſiſting fiends the helliſh thought ſuggeſt,
And blot the tender paſſion from her breaſt.
A crimſon ſcarf with ornamental pride
Was o'er his graceful ſhoulders looſely ty'd;
This furiouſly ſhe ſnatch'd, while from th' em-
brace
He frees himſelf, and quits the hated place.

She call'd aloud, her voice *Cyrena* hears,
And entring ſaw her well-diſſembled tears.
A tale of proffer'd violence ſhe feigns,
And of the *Hebrew*'s arrogance complains.
Alarm'd at her repeated calls, ſhe ſaid,
The monſter left his curſt deſign, and fled.
His ſcarf the truth confirm'd; her Lord the while
Returns; her words his eaſy faith beguile:
Blinded with rage he calls the injur'd youth,
And thus upbraids his violated truth.

How

How canſt thou, wretch! belie a mind ſo baſe,
With that undaunted air, and guiltleſs face?
Hypocriſy ſo ſteady and compleat,
A villain, cautious as thy ſelf, might cheat;
No wonder then thy practic'd ſaintly ſhews
Should on my honeſt artleſs mind impoſe.
My ſoul entire to thee I did reſign,
Except my bed, whate'er I had was thine.
In fetters let th' ungrateful ſlave be ty'd,
Some gloomy dungeon ſhall the monſter hide.

Dungeons he ſaid, and chains I can defy,
But would not, curſt with your diſpleaſure, die.
This ſad reflexion aggravates my fate:
How ſhall I bear my gen'rous maſter's hate?
Oh ſtay! at laſt my vindication hear,
While by th' *Unutterable Name* I ſwear,
My thoughts are all from this injuſtice clear.
He ceas'd, and ſtill *Sabrina*'s ſhame conceals,
Nor one accuſing word her fraud reveals.
Now to a damp unwholſome vault convey'd,
Joſeph in ignominious chains is laid.

BOOK VII.

An Angel viſits Joſeph *in Priſon, and in a prophetic Viſion ſhews him his own Advancement, and the future Fate of his Father's Poſterity, their Bondage and miraculous Deliverance. The Keeper of the Ward convinc'd of* Joſeph's *Innocence; treats him with great Eſteem. The Dreams of his fellow Priſoners; and* Joſeph's *Interpretation.*

'TWAS night, and now advanc'd the ſolemn hour;
The keeper of the priſon, from his tow'r,
Aſtoniſh'd, ſees a form divinely bright,
Smile thro' the ſhades, and diſſipate the night;
With ſtreaming ſplendor tracing all the way,
It enters where the new-come pris'ner lay.

Some God, he cries, who innocence defends,
Some God in that propitious light deſcends.
This ſtranger ſure, whate'er the fact can be,
Alledg'd againſt him, from the guilt is free.

The

The ſacred viſion to the youth appears,
His ſpirits with celeſtial fragrance chears.
His heav'nly ſmiles would ev'n deſpair controul,
And with immortal rapture fill the ſoul.
His youthful brows a fair *Tiara* crown'd
A folding zone his gaudy veſtments bound,
Embroider'd high with *Amaranthus* round.
Such wings th' *Arabian* Phœnix never wore,
Sprinkled with gold and ſhading purple o'er.
Beneficent his aſpect and addreſs,
His lips ſeraphick harmony expreſs;
His voice might ſtay th' invading ſleep of death,
While theſe ſoft words flow with his balmy breath.

From the unclouded realms of day above,
From endleſs pleaſures, and unbounded love,
From painted fields deck'd with immortal flow'rs,
From bliſsful valleys, and etherial bow'rs,
I come, commiſſion'd by peculiar grace,
With great preſages to thy future race.

This *Gabriel* ſpoke; the pious *Hebrew*'s breaſt
Prophetick flame and pow'r divine conteſt:

An

An awful ſilence, and profound ſuſpence,
Clos'd the tumultuous avenues of ſenſe;
The heav'nly trance, each wand'ring thought confin'd,
Collects the operations of the mind,
While *Gabriel* all the inward ſcene deſign'd.

Before him, rais'd to high dominion, all
His humble brethren in proſtration fall;
His joyful eyes again his father ſee,
He takes the bleſſing on his bended knee.
Vaſtly in numbers *Jacob*'s ſons encreas'd,
Poor vaſſals by th' *Egyptians* are diſtreſs'd,
And by a royal tyrant's yoke oppreſs'd:
To heav'n they cry, an aid that never fails,
Heav'n hears the cry, the potent pray'r prevails.

A mighty prophet, by divine command,
Does bold before the raging monarch ſtand,
And brings his great credentials in his hand.
Acroſs the ground his wond'rous rod he throws;
The rod transform'd a moving ſerpent grows,
Unfolds his ſpeckled train, and o'er the pave-
ment flows.

A dazling

A dazling train of miracles enſue,
Which ſpeak the prophet, and his miſſion true.

The ſprings, the ſtanding lakes, and running flood,
His pow'rful word converts to reeking blood;
The wounded billows ſtain the verdant ſhore,
Advancing ſlowly with a mournful roar.
Infernal night her ſable wings extends,
And from the black unbottom'd deep aſcends:
The ſeer denounces plagues on man and beaſt;
Contagious torments ſoon the air infeſt;
Aloud he bids a ſudden tempeſt riſe,
On rapid wings the ſtorm obedient flies;
Th' extended skies are rent from pole to pole,
Blue lightnings flaſh, and dreadful thunders roll.

Nor yet th' obdurate King the God reveres,
Whom ev'ry element obſequious fears;
Till vengeful ſtrokes of pow'r confeſt divine,
With clear, but terrible conviction ſhine.

The night was cover'd with unuſual dread,
While ev'ry ſtar malignant influence ſhed.

Pale

Pale ſpectres thro the ſtreets of *Zoan* roam,
From ſepulchres amazing ecchoes come;
While, like a flaming meteor, down the skies,
With threat'ning ſpeed the fatal angel flies.
Reluctant juſtice, with a grace ſevere,
Sits in his looks, and triumphs in his air.
A creſted helmet ſhades his awful brows;
Behind his military veſture flows,
And like an ev'ning's ruddy meteor glows.
He graſps his ſword, unſheath'd for certain fate,
Deſtruction, death, and terror on him wait:
Mortal the ſtroke, inviſible the wound,
While dying groans with mingled ſhrieks reſound.
From houſe to houſe the dreadful rumour runs,
While wretched fathers mourn their firſt-born ſons.

Th' alarm'd *Egyptians*, at the breaking day,
Hurry the ſacred multitude away:
But *Pharoah* ſoon his daring ſin renews,
Blaſpheming loud the reſcu'd ſlaves purſues;
The fearful tribes ſtand trembling on the ſhore,
The foe behind, a raging ſea before.

Their

Their glorious chief extends his pow'rful wand,
And gives the mighty ſignal from the ſtrand;
Th' obedient waves the mighty ſignal take,
And parting crowd the diſtant ſurges back;
On either hand, like chryſtal hills, they riſe,
Between a wide ſtupendous valley lies:
With joyful ſhouts the grateful *Hebrews* paſs,
Nor does the harden'd foe decline the chaſe;
Till heav'n's command the watry chain diſſolves,
And in the whelming deep their pride involves.
While *Iſrael* thro the deſart take their way,
Led by a cloud which marches on by day;
But reſting chear'd th' encamping hoſt by night,
With lambent flame, and unexampled light.

Where lofty *Sinah* ſhades the neighb'ring plain,
Commanded now the ſacred tribes remain;
Prepar'd with myſtick rites, to hear with awe,
Their Saviour God pronounce their future law:
Cloſe bounds the mountain guard from all approach,
That raſhly none the hallow'd place might touch.

Reluctant

Reluctant ſee th' appointed morning riſe,
And fiery ſplendors glow around the skies.
While from th' etherial ſummit God deſcends,
Beneath his feet the ſtarry convex bends.
His radiant form majeſtick darkneſs hides,
While on a tempeſt's rapid wings he rides.
The trembling earth his awful preſence owns,
The foreſt flames, the cleaving deſart groans,
Each river back his wand'ring current calls,
And ruſhing down the ſubterranean falls,
To the profoundeſt caves affrighted flies,
Reveal'd and bare each ſandy channel lies.
Their ſtately heads the antient mountains ſink,
And to a level with the vales would ſhrink;
Again ſecure in their primæval beds,
Beneath the waves would hide their fearful heads.
Old *Sinah* quakes at the tremendous weight,
That preſs'd with awful feet his cloudy height;
Obſcur'd with blackneſs, ſhades, and curling ſmoak,
Prodigious lightnings from the darkneſs broke;
While raging thunders round the welkin fly,
Th' etherial trumpet ſounding loud and high.

Adoring

Adoring low the pious nation bend,
And now the ſolemn voice of God attend:
The angel ſhifts the ſcene, and leaves the reſt
Inimitable all, and not to be expreſs'd.

The curtain'd *Tabernacle* next he paints,
Nor colours for the gay pavilion wants;
The golden altar, with attending prieſts,
Their ſacred pomp, and inſtituted veſts.
Then brings the favour'd tribes where *Jordan* flows,
And all the well-known bord'ring landskip ſhows.

An airy conqueſt on *Bethoron*'s plain,
The warlike ſons of *Jacob* now obtain:
Before the troops a glorious leader ſtands,
A painted jav'lin ballanc'd in his hands;
He boldly thus the rolling orbs commands.

Thou ſun! to lengthen this victorious day,
With ling'ring beams on lofty *Gibeah* ſtay:
And thou, fair morn! retard thy haſty flight,
And gild the vales of *Ajalon* at night.

This ſaid, the flying army they purſue,
And all the *Amorean* kings o'erthrew.
The promis'd land entirely gain'd, they ſpread
Their peaceful dwellings round *Moriah*'s head.

But with the night the pleaſing viſion flies;
Gabriel unſeal'd the youthful prophet's eyes,
His ſenſes from the heav'nly trance releas'd,
And all the ſacred agitation ceas'd.
The thoughtful keeper early to the vault
Deſcends, and thence the injur'd priſ'ner brought;
Treats him with kindneſs, and a juſt regard,
And gave him all the freedom of the ward.

Of *Pharaoh*'s ſervants two were here detain'd,
The ſteward, who his table did command,
With him that fill'd the royal cup with wine;
Suſpected both as traitors in deſign.
Joſeph, obſerving a dejected air
Sate heavy in their eyes, with friendly care
Enquires the cauſe, which freely both reveal,
Myſterious dreams of the paſt night they tell.

And

And thus the firſt:—Methought a bulky vine
Grew up unprop'd, three waving branches ſhine
With purple grapes, and to my hand incline:
I preſs'd the tempting fruit without controul,
Then gave to *Pharaoh*'s hand the flowing bowl.

The next begins:—Three caniſters replete
With royal viands, and luxurious meat,
Oppreſs'd my drooping head, while birds of prey
With direful croakings ſnatch'd the food away.
Unhappy man! thy dream from God was ſent,
The *Hebrew* ſaid, and full of black portent:
The third returning day ſhall bring thy doom,
When thou a prey to vultures ſhalt become.

Then to the firſt, theſe joyful comments found;
Before the ſun has twice fulfill'd his round,
Thou with thy former honours ſhalt be crown'd.
But in the triumph of thy proſp'rous fate,
Kindly remember my unhappy ſtate,
Who by the blackeſt falſhood here am ſtay'd;
To this the man a courtier's promiſe made.

BOOK VIII.

Joſeph's *Miſtreſs languiſhes in Sorrow and Remorſe for her Treachery: which ſhe confeſſes in the Agonies of Death.* Pharoah's *prophetic Dreams interpreted by* Joſeph. *His Grandeur and Marriage with the Daughter of an* Egyptian *Prieſt.*

BUT now *Sabrina*'s guilty fire returns,
Her boſom with the raging paſſion burns:
She with a female tenderneſs relents,
And all her former cruelty repents.
By her accus'd, in chains the captive lies,
For whom ſhe fondly languiſhes and dies.
Tormented, and enrag'd, ſhe often curſt
Her pride, her folly, and revengeful luſt.
A deep remorſe, from conſcience of her ſin,
With conſtant horrors vex her ſoul within.
Her thoughts ten thouſand racking torments feel,
Yet in her treach'rous crime obdurate ſtill.
Her life and youthful ſpirits melt away,
Her beauty withers with a ſwift decay:

By

By day ſhe wildly raves, conſumes the night
In thoughtleſs watchings, and imagin'd fright;
While airy terrors glide before her ſight.
Pale ghoſts with wide diſtorted eye-balls ſtare,
And burning ſpectres thro' the darkneſs glare.
Till forc'd by fate, and torments more intenſe,
To vindicate ſuſpected innocence,
To *Potiphar* the hidden truth ſhe tells,
And all the faithleſs myſtery reveals.

And now he comes — inſulting death! ſhe cries,
Perpetual darkneſs ſwims before my eyes.
If there are Gods that human things regard,
My monſtrous crimes will meet a juſt reward.
Oh ſacred virtue! at thine awful name
I ſtart, and all my former thoughts diſclaim;
For thou art no fantaſtick empty thing,
From thee alone unmingled pleaſures ſpring.
The world, the boundleſs univerſe I'd give,
My firſt unblemiſh'd honour to retrieve:
'Tis vainly wiſh'd!--to ſome ſtrange realms below,
Some dark uncomfortable coaſts I go.

She ſpoke, and gaſping in the pangs of death,
With ling'ring agonies reſign'd her breath:

While *Joſeph* by the courtier was forgot;
Till fate the period of his freedom brought.

Th' *Egyptian* monarch from a ſhort repoſe,
And troubled viſions, with the morning roſe.
T' explain the doubtful omens in his breaſt,
He ſummons ev'ry planetary prieſt:
Their orders which to diff'rent ſtars belong,
Were ſoon aſſembled, a ſurprizing throng;
Sullen their looks, and varied was their veſt,
A wild Devotion thro' the whole expreſs'd.

One wore a mantle of a leaden hue,
Trailing behind a ſweeping length it drew;
With *Poppies*, *Aconite*, and *Hellebore*,
Mandrake, and *Nightſhade*, ſtrangely figur'd o'er;
A treble twiſt of ſerpents curling round,
With monſtrous ornament the foldings bound.

With ſome a verdant foreſt ſeem'd to move,
Their flowing robes with palmy branches wove.
With panther's, bears, and every ſavage beaſt
Expreſs'd in lively colours, ſome were dreſs'd.
On others eagles ſpread their wings, on ſome
Appear'd the Oſtrich' hieroglyphick plume;

While

While others wore a painted crocodile,
With all the monſtrous progeny of *Nile*.

Naſar, a youth vow'd to the morning-ſtar,
With budding roſes had adorn'd his hair.
His raiment of ineſtimable coſt
Glitter'd with pearl, an imitated froſt.
O'erſpread with landskips wrought in miniature,
Surprizing ſcenes the raviſh'd ſight allure:
Clear fountains, flow'ry walks, and myrtle groves,
Peacocks with gaudy trains, and ſhining doves.

The prince with anxious looks relates his dreams,
The doubtful ſages ſearch their heav'nly ſchemes:
But all their ſtars were mute, the meaning flies
In trackleſs darkneſs, and obſcure diſguiſe.

The bearer of the cup did now reflect
On his paſt danger, and his baſe neglect;
And thus his royal maſter he addreſs'd:
Be *Pharaoh*'s bounty, and my guilt confeſt.
When with my fellow criminal detain'd,
We by thy juſtice in the ward remain'd,

A *Hebrew* youth, unjuſtly there confin'd,
From nightly omens which perplex'd the mind,
With clear conviction did our lot unfold;
My honour, and the ſteward's doom foretold.
Amidſt the ſolemn darkneſs of the night,
His cell has glitter'd with etherial light;
For highly favour'd by th' immortal Gods,
To viſit him they left their bright abodes.

Joſeph, unfetter'd, they from priſon bring,
By heav'n inſpir'd, he ſtands before the King;
Who thus repeats his dream: Methought I ſtood
On the fair borders of our ſacred flood:
While, curious, I ſurvey'd the ſpreading ſtream,
Seven bulky oxen from the river came,
Fat and well-favour'd: o'er the verdant mead
They proudly rang'd, and on the paſture fed;
When juſt their number roſe, of aſpect ſour,
Ill-ſhap'd, and meagre, who the firſt devour.
The ſcene was chang'd, when ſpringing in my walk,
Seven blades of corn adorn'd one bending ſtalk
Ripen'd and full; when lo! a ſecond rears
His blaſted top, with ſeven unfruitful ears;

This

This ſwallow'd greedily the former ſtore,
As the lean oxen did the fat before.
I woke with great anxiety oppreſs'd,
And for the meaning ev'ry God addreſs'd.

The Almighty God o'er earth and skies ſupream,
The youthful prophet cries, has ſent this dream
To *Pharaoh*, which diſcovers future things;
What changes on the world his pleaſure brings.
With one intent the ſacred viſion came,
Of both the hidden meaning is the ſame.

Seven plenteous years begin their joyful round,
The fields with boundleſs harveſts ſhall be crown'd;
Then ſeven unproſp'rous years ſhall theſe devour,
And leave no remnant of the former ſtore.

But that the people and the king may live,
This counſel heav'n commiſſions me to give,
That waſteful luxury ſhould be reſtrain'd,
And wiſe intendants thro' the realm ordain'd:

Let

Let theſe againſt the threat'ning ill provide,
Lay up the corn, and o'er the ſtores preſide.

This youth by ſome propitious pow'r was ſent,
The prince replies, our ruin to prevent:
Then bids them an imperial veſtment bring,
And from his finger draws a coſtly ring:
And this, he ſaid, a ſacred pledge ſhall be
Of thoſe bright honours I reſerve for thee.
My pow'r, my kingdom I to thee reſign,
The ſov'reign title only ſhall be mine;
To thee my nobleſt favourites ſhall bow,
Our guardian God, our great preſerver thou!

His ſecond chariot then the king ordains
Should be prepar'd: white ſteeds with ſcarlet reins
The triumph drew; they champ the golden bit,
And ſpurn the duſty ground with airy feet.
On high with princely pomp the youth was plac'd,
With marks of pow'r, and regal enſigns grac'd,
Gay heralds, *bow the knee*, before him cry,
The crowd adore him as he paſſes by:

Nor

Nor here the royal favours were confin'd,
Great *Pharaoh*'s daughter is his bride deſign'd.

The night had twice in ſable triumph reign'd,
And twice the circling light its empire gain'd;
When from his high apartment *Joſeph* ſees
A lofty temple, thro' the waving trees,
To *Iſis* vow'd: He from the gilded dome
Raviſh'd beheld a beauteous virgin come.
An artleſs modeſty improves her face,
An elegant reſerve, and matchleſs grace,
A roſy tincture in her cheeks appears,
Lovely as that the blooming morning wears:
Her eyes a ſprightly blue; her length of hair
Diſhevel'd hung, like threads of ſilver fair.
Long ſtrings of jet and pearl, in mingled twiſts,
Adorn'd her well-ſhap'd neck, and ſlender wriſts.
Her robes were heav'nly azure, ſprinkled o'er
With ſtars; a creſcent on her breaſt ſhe wore.

The wounded *Hebrew* for the virgin ſigh'd,
And felt a growing paſſion yet untry'd:
Her lovely image, on his mind impreſs'd,
Had fix'd her empire in his yielding breaſt.

But

But oh! what anguiſh did his ſoul invade,
When he was told, the lov'd enchanting maid
At *Iſis* holy ſhrine devoutly bow'd,
A virgin prieſteſs to the goddeſs vow'd?
This, this, he cry'd, muſt all my hopes con-
found,
Helpleſs my grief, incurable my wound!

Mean time the fame uncontradicted goes,
That he th' *Egyptian* princeſs muſt eſpouſe.
Pain'd and diſtreſs'd, he hears the ſpreading news,
And dreads the offer, which he muſt refuſe,
Or with diſſembled vows the imperial maid
abuſe.
Aſenah's pow'r (that was the prieſteſs' name)
Would in his breaſt admit no rival flame.

The royal maid no leſs unhappy prov'd,
Who long illuſtrious *Orramel* had lov'd;
An *Ethiopian* prince, whoſe faultleſs face,
And ſhape exceeded all the tawny race.
His features nobly turn'd, his piercing eyes
Sparkl'd like ſtars amidſt the gloomy skies;
At once they dazled, and engag'd the ſight
With awful luſtre, and imperious light.

Black

Black as a midnight cloud, his yielding hair
In eaſy curls waves to the gentle air.

The princeſs, pain'd with ſecret diſcontent
Her father's purpoſe labours to prevent;
In vain! the king obſtructs her young deſires,
But firſt the pleaſure of the gods enquires.

Juſt *Potiphera*, an unblemiſh'd prieſt,
His piety ſincere, but ill addreſs'd,
While fragrant incenſe round the temple ſmokes,
Oſiris from the monarch he invokes.
The fiends, in hopes to croſs the great deſign,
And awful will of providence divine,
With penalties forbid the king's intent,
The *Hebrew*'s future greatneſs to prevent:
Then nam'd the fair *Aſenath* for his bride,
And blindly with eternal fate comply'd:
Effecting heav'n's predeſtinated ends,
While *Joſeph*'s ruin envious hell intends;
Nor doubts the young idolatreſs would prove
His ſnare, and ſoon ſeduce him with her love.

The prieſt, yet trembling, near the altar ſtands,
And dreads the ſacrilege the god commands.

My daughter nam'd! he cries, to *Iſis* vow'd
By myſtick rites, which no reverſe allow'd!
It muſt be ſo! — The gods pronounce it fit,
The prieſt his will, the king muſt his ſubmit.
The maid reluctant leaves the holy ſhrine,
But yields obedience to the pow'rs divine.
The gift as heav'n's the joyful youth regards,
Which thus bright virtue crowns, and ſacred truth rewards.

BOOK IX.

The ſeven plenteous Years; with the enſuing Years of Scarcity. Joſeph's *Character as Regent over the Land of* Ægypt. Jacob *diſtreſt with the Famine ſends his Sons thither for Corn* Joſeph *diſcovers his Brethren, but is unknown of them: Pretends to ſuſpect them as publick Spies, and keeps them three Days in Priſon; at laſt ſends them back, with a Charge to bring their younger Brother with them, and detains* Simeon *as an Hoſtage till their Return.*

THE jocund years, with ſmiling plenty crown'd,
In ſhining circles, now advanc'd their round:
Unbounded

Unbounded crops reward the reaper's toil,
And ruſtick pleaſures chear the banks of *Nile*.
The *Hebrew*, late advanc'd by royal grace
With dignity and ſplendor fills his place,
Still watchful for the publick good, with care
Reſtrains exceſs, by penalties ſevere,
While juſtice, truth, and temp'rate virtue, reign'd
Amidſt the height of plenty thro' the land:
His prudent ſway, the grateful people bleſs
In all the calm ſerenity of peace.

But ſoon the ſmiling years their period run;
A gloomy æra now its courſe begun:
Pale famine comes, with her malignant train,
Dries up the ſprings, and taints the fertile plain:
The trees decay, each flowr, and balmy plant
Pine at their roots, and vital humor want:
No pearly moiſture on the meadow lies,
To fan the air no gentle breezes riſe.
The languid moon ſheds from her ſilent ſphere
No cooling dews, the thirſty earth to chear.
A ſultry night enſues a ſcorching day;
While diſmal ſigns the fiery clouds diſplay.

Nor *Egypt* mourns alone her blaſted ground,
Pale famine ſtalks thro' all the regions round:

Moriah's plain, and *Hermon's* flow'ry hill
Wither'd and bare, the hot contagion feel:
That fertile climate by peculiar grace,
Deſign'd the lot of *Abraham's* future race.
Where long with peace, and fatal plenty gay,
The pagan princes bore imperial ſway,
Their crimes not full:—While *Jacob* ſojourn'd here
A ſtranger, as his great forefathers were:
The common fate he ſhares, with famine preſs'd,
And for his num'rous family diſtreſs'd:
He ſends his ſons, by heav'nly conduct led
To *Ægypt's* plenteous granaries, for bread:
Domeſtick wants, require their utmoſt haſt,
And *Zoan's* regal tow'rs they reach at laſt.

With ſoft *Aſſyria*, now in all her pride
Of wealth and grandeur, *Pharoah's* palace vy'd:
More honour'd ſtill the riſing fav'rite grew,
No bounds, his royal maſter's kindneſs knew:
His graceful perſon, charming to the ſight,
Majeſtick, yet more mild than morning light:
His virtues every grateful tongue employ,
The people's boaſt, their wonder, and their joy.
All private views, were to his ſoul unknown,
He made the kingdom's welfare ſtill his own:

Th'

Th' oppreſſor's wrongs, are by his power redreſs'd,
He guards the orphan, ſuccours the diſtreſs'd,
His fame to diſtant countries flies abroad,
While *Ægypt* names him as her guardian god.
Aſſiduous ſtill, his officers attend
Where neighb'ring ſtates, their num'rous envoys ſend;
Who for themſelves, and pining race implore
The food of life from his abundant ſtore.

Among the foremoſt of the ſuppliant crowd
The *Hebrew* ſwains with low ſubmiſſion bow'd;
With ſtern regard each kindred face he views,
Their ſight, the late deteſted ſcene renews;
Their parting malice and inhuman rage
To juſt revenge his ſwelling thoughts engage.

Long ſilent, in a gloomy pauſe he ſtands;
At laſt their country, buſineſs, name, demands.

My lord, thy ſervants, (with a modeſt grace,
Judah replies) are all of *Hebrew* race:
Twelve brethren late, a joyful father's boaſt,
Till one, by ſome unhappy chance was loſt;
The youngeſt with his aged ſire remains
The darling, which his drooping life ſuſtains:
To purchaſe corn we come, our falling breath,
And infant race, to ſave from ling'ring death.

Thy tale (he ſaid) unfolds its own diſguiſe,
By *Pharoah*'s ſacred life, you all are ſpies:
Then to the guards with ſtern command he turns,
While yet reſentment in his boſom burns;
In cloſe confinement be theſe men retain'd,
Till we ſome knowledge of their plot have gain'd.
With juſt remorſe, and ſecret horror ſtruck,
The conſcious *Hebrews* at each other look,
In foreign accents, to the guards unknown,
Their length of unrepented ſin they own;
Joſeph, not yet withdrawn, their language hears,
And haſts away, to hide the guſhing tears.
Oh! we are guilty of our brother's blood,
Tho' heav'n th' intended fratricide withſtood:
With unrelenting hate, for ſordid gold,
The gentle youth to *Midianites* we ſold
A ſlave, and ſuch perhaps he ſtill may live;
Almighty God, the monſtrous crime forgive!
Unmov'd we ſaw the anguiſh of his breaſt,
In mournful looks, and flowing tears expreſt:
Unmov'd, and loſt to nature, virtue, ſenſe,
Unmov'd we heard his tender eloquence.
Such beauty, innocence, and blooming grace
Would have ſubdu'd in wilds a ſavage race.

What caves, what dungeons, ſhould ſuch monſters hide?
We ſtand condemn'd, and Heav'n is juſtify'd.
When *Reuben*, who the barbarous fact diſclaim'd,
In theſe ſad terms their former malice blam'd;
Would heav'n your flowing tears might waſh away
The bloody ſtains of that deteſted day;
Its horror, with eternal grief, I trace;
The ſoft impreſſion of my brothers face,
Dwells on my heart, the tragick ſcene I view,
The mournful object is for ever new.
Methinks I ſee the anguiſh, the ſurprize,
The melting ſorrow in his lovely eyes,
While kneeling, pleading all the tender claims
Of kindred blood, he ſingly call'd your names,
And one by one invok'd—what power I had
Was all employ'd, to ſave the guiltleſs lad.
His filial love, and goodneſs free from art,
Touch'd every tender motion in my heart,
When for his drooping father's hoary age
He try'd your ſoft compaſſion to engage:
I hear his cries, while round his ſuppliant hands,
Without remorſe you ty'd the cruel bands;

My ſoul is wounded with the farewel groan,
When to the yawning pit, you forc'd him down.
What helliſh frenzy did your boſoms fire
Againſt ſuch youth and virtue to conſpire?
What was his mighty crime? — a childiſh dream,
A ſleeping fancy's viſionary ſcheme:
His blood's aveng'd — while here we lie confin'd,
Our wretched offspring are with famine pin'd.
Their eldeſt brother's juſt reproach they own,
And humbly now addreſs th' eternal throne,
With penitence ſincere they inly mourn,
While thrice the day and tedious night return.
Mean time the thoughtful regent in his breaſt
The firſt vindictive motions had ſuppreſt,
When early for the *Hebrew* train he ſends,
And kindneſs in a ſtern diſguiſe intends;
Conducted to his preſence, proſtrate all
(As once their ſheaves before his ſheaf) they fall.
The pow'r that ſits above the ſtars I fear
(He ſaid) nor ſhall you find injuſtice here,
To prove that you have no clandeſtine view,
Nor hoſtile aim, but are to honour true,
One of your kindred number left behind,
Th' attending guards ſhall as an hoſtage bind;

Secure

Secure from wrong, the captive ſhall remain,
If at ſet limits you return again:
But be forever exiles from the place,
Nor ever hope again to ſee my face,
Unleſs you bring your youngeſt brother here,
No more on *Egypt*'s fatal coaſt appear;
Be this a proof your words have no diſguiſe,
Or you by *Pharoah*'s ſacred life are ſpies.

Alas, my lord, in tents thy ſervants ſleep,
(The ſwains reply) our herds and bleating ſheep
Engroſs our humble cares, no martial claims
Diſturb our minds, no wild ambitious aims;
Strangers to pompous courts, the flow'ry field,
And tuneful grove, to us their pleaſures yield;
Unenvy'd there, ſecure from noiſe and ſtriſe,
In harmleſs eaſe we ſpend a peaceful life;
Our coſtlieſt banquets in ſome balmy ſhade,
With nature's ſimple luxury are made;
No dreams of grandeur, no aſpiring thought,
Thy ſervants to the *Memphian* limits brought;
Diſtreſs'd with famine, to this friendly ſhore,
We came, your kind aſſiſtance to implore.

This ſaid, they find themſelves diſmiſs'd at laſt
With full ſupplies, and to their country haſt.

When

When ſcarce arriv'd before their father's tent
His buſy thoughts preſag'd ſome ſad event;
The captive ſon was miſs'd — his fears t' expel,
Th' unpleaſing truth in ſoothing words they tell·
With temper, every circumſtance he hears,
Till the fond prop of his declining years,
His *Benjamin* was nam'd — that cruel part,
In ſpight of all their well-meant flatt'ring art,
With piercing anguiſh wounds his inmoſt ſoul,
No pleas of reaſon can its force controul.
His hoary head with weighty ſorrow preſs'd,
Dejected ſunk upon his penſive breaſt.
The careful trav'llers now their ſacks unty'd,
Surpriz'd, their coin reſtor'd again they ſpy'd.
What can theſe myſt'ries mean, good *Jacob* ſaid,
What fatal ſtorm is breaking o'er my head?
Why is my life prolong'd? of bliſs bereft?
Joſeph is not: — my ſingle comfort left,
To diſtant climes an exile you would bear,
Againſt me all theſe ſad events appear;
But know, the flame of life ſhall quit my heart
'Ere with the lovely blooming youth, I part.
Content we then muſt ſacrifice our lives,
Our guiltleſs offspring, and our tender wives,

(*Judah*

(*Judah* replies) condemn'd to periſh here,
And ne'er again on *Egypt's* coaſts appear:
The man, the mighty ruler of the land,
With eyes to heav'n addreſs'd, and lifted hand,
The man proteſted with a ſolemn grace,
Not one of us ſhould ever ſee his face,
Nor other proof our innocence ſhould clear,
Unleſs we brought our youngeſt brother there
And why, would you that needleſs truth make known,
Or that you had a younger brother own?
The anxious parent ſaid.— Alas could we,
Reuben replies, the conſequence foreſee?
Or had the certainty been fully known,
Could we, with ſpecious lies, the fact diſown?
Or ſtraitly queſtion'd, by a man ſo great,
Conceal our publick or domeſtick ſtate?
Indeed he roughly talkt, but ſtill there broke
Some ſecret pity thro his fierceſt look;
However dark the paſt events appear,
We've nothing from ſuch clemency to fear;
Where'er with eaſy ſtate he paſs'd along,
His virtues eccho'd thro the ſhouting throng:
Then, why my honour'd ſire, theſe vain delays?
Paternal cares a thouſand ſcruples raiſe;

Your *Simeon* bound, a ſlave unranſom'd lies,
Our time's elaps'd, and we condemn'd for ſpies:
Commit your darling to my faithful hand,
Of me again the ſacred pledge demand,
Two lovely boys, adorn'd with every grace,
Secure I leave as ſureties in his place;
If any negligence my honour ſtain,
Without compaſſion let them both be ſlain.
Half yielding now he ſtands — their houſhold ſtraits,
Judah with artleſs eloquence repeats,
With faltring ſpeech, and anguiſh in his eyes,
Then go in peace, the vanquiſh'd patriarch cries:
Celeſtial providence your ſteps attend,
And angel guards from every ill defend;
With doubl'd money for your corn advance,
Perhaps the reſtoration was a chance:
But take ſome grateful preſent in your hand,
The balmy products of your native land:
And be th' eternal majeſty implor'd
(The God my great progenitors ador'd)
To grant you favour in the ruler's ſight,
And bring your injur'd innocence to light:
But know, if miſchief ſhould the lad attend,
My hoary hairs down to the grave you ſend.

BOOK X.

The Hebrews *return with their youngeſt Brother into* Ægypt. Joſeph *treats them with great Kindneſs and a ſplendid Entertainment; but ſtill he conceals his Relation to them. At laſt they are diſmiſt with plentiful Supplies of Corn; but the Steward, as commanded by his Lord ſecretly, conveys a Silver Cup into* Benjamin's *Sack. After they are gone out of the City, he purſues and charges them with the pretended Theft; and at laſt, he finds it in* Benjamin's *Sack. They return with great Conſternation, when* Joſeph *diſcovers himſelf to them.*

THeir father's bleſſing on their knees they take,
And now to *Memphis* quick advances make,
Where ſafe arriv'd, but fearful of their doom,
To *Joſeph's* ſteward haſtily they come,
Diſcloſe in humble terms their late miſtake,
And render doubl'd all the money back.
Your father's God (he ſaid) your coin reſtor'd,
'Twas juſtly paid, then leads them to his lord.
Their gifts, with proſtrate homage they preſent,
His gracious ſmiles their riſing doubts prevent:

Forgetful

Forgetful of himſelf, with eager haſt,
He forward ſtept, and *Benjamin* embrac'd:
His heart expands with ſympathetick joy,
While in his arms he folds the wondring boy;
Fond nature ſtruggles with the vain diſguiſe,
A brother ſparkles in his radiant eyes:
Scarce all his grandeur from the gentle youth
(With mutual rapture touch'd) conceals the truth;
And half diſclos'd the kindred ſoul appears,
Till *Joſeph* flies to hide the ſwelling tears,
That melting love and ſoft ſurprize excite,
But recollected, ſoon returns in ſight.
Conducts them now into a ſpacious hall,
Where well-born ſlaves, obſequious to the call,
To luxury inur'd with artful care,
A ſplendid banquet inſtantly prepare;
Embroider'd carpets, cover all the ground
While fragrant oyntments ſpread their odours round,
Large ſilver lavers, with officious care,
The gay attendants round the circle bear.
And now, with coſtly fare and ſparkling wine
Of various ſorts, the loaded tables ſhine,
Beneath, a glittering canopy of ſtate
In *Tyrian* robes the graceful regent ſate;

With

With all the bounty of a royal feaſt
He nobly entertains each *Hebrew* gueſt:
Their hoſtage freed the mutual joy compleats,
In order plac'd, they take their deſtin'd ſeats:
With ſprightly wines, and ſocial converſe gay
In guiltleſs mirth they ſpend the fleeting day.

In calm repoſe ſupinely paſt the night,
Till riſing with the morning's roſy light,
They haſt away, with full proviſions ſtor'd,
In every ſack (as order'd by his lord)
Their coin, the ſteward ſecretly convey'd,
A ſilver cup in *Benjamin*'s was laid.

Secure the ſuburbs utmoſt bounds were paſt,
When with a feign'd concern and anxious haſt,
He overtakes the hindmoſt of the train,
And thus accoſts them in an angry ſtrain.

How could you thus, ungrateful and unjuſt,
Againſt the rules of hoſpitable truſt,
Combine, the conſecrated cup to ſteal,
By which my lord does ſecret things reveal.

With what ſtrange meaning is thy language fraught,
Surpriz'd, they cry, we're guiltleſs, even in thought,
And by th' immortal God, we dare proteſt,
Such black deſigns are ſtrangers to our breaſt

Our

Our coin unask'd exactly we reſtor'd,
How ſhould we then abuſe thy injur'd lord,
And baſely, gold or ſilver, from him ſteal,
While recent favours yet our thanks compel?
If ſuch enormous guilt our boſoms ſtain,
Vaſſals for life thy ſervants ſhall remain;
The wretch, convicted of a crime ſo high,
Unpity'd here before thy face ſhall dye.
Content, he ſaid, and ſearch'd their burdens round;
At laſt, the cup in *Benjamin*'s was found:
With wild deſpair, their folding veſts they rent,
And backward to the royal office went.
The regent here, but oh! how chang'd they find,
No more the mild, beneficent and kind,
But fiercely asking, in an alter'd tone,
What wrong is this your guilty hands have done?
You well might know, where dreſs and learning ſhine,
A man like me, muſt certainly divine.
Proſtrate they fall, while *Judah* for the reſt,
With mingled ſighs their mutual grief expreſs'd.
What can I ſay?—how ſhall thy ſervant ſpeak?
In what pathetick words my ſilence break?

What energy of language ſhall I find,
To paint the wild diſtraction of my mind?
Juſtice divine, with keen revenge begins
To reckon up our lengthen'd ſcore of ſins;
Our ſecret crimes, this rigorous ſtroke demand;
And ſelf condemn'd, we here thy vaſſals ſtand.
No, — crys the gracious regent, only he
With whom the cup was found, my ſlave ſhall be;
Return in peace, your needleſs fears reſign,
This youth, a publick criminal, is mine.
When *Judah* thus, (ſtill gently drawing near)
Be pleas'd, my lord, to lend a gracious ear,
While I the tender circumſtance repeat,
And for my father's hoary age intreat.
Two lovely boys, the pleaſure of his life,
And only offspring of a beauteous wife,
The elder *Branch*, by an untimely death,
Snatcht from his arms, long ſince reſign'd his breath;
The youngeſt, who does now his care engage,
The ſingle prop of his declining age,
The conſtant theme of every pleaſing thought,
Your ſtrict command, my lord, has hither brought:

Our ſire, (thy ſervant,) long refus'd to grant
The preſſing ſuit, till forc'd by meagre want,
And juſt concern, to clear our injur'd truth,
He to my conduct gave the gentle youth.
But oh, what killing anguiſh pierc'd his heart,
When thus compell'd with *Benjamin* to part:
With all the eloquence that filial love,
Could ere inſpire to calm his fears I ſtrove;
But all in vain, on diſmal thoughts intent,
If miſchief ſhould his blooming life prevent,
My hoary hairs, he ſaid, with grief oppreſs'd,
Muſt to the gloomy grave deſcend for reſt.
And I, unhappy, whither ſhall I go
To ſhun that dark diſtracting ſcene of woe?
My father's wretchedneſs I cannot ſee,
Depriv'd of every future joy by me;
For I, with all the arguments I had,
Became my ſelf a ſurety for the lad,
And muſt again the precious pledge reſtore,
Or ſee my aged parent's face no more.
My lord, you ſeem to have a tender heart,
(Tho ſometimes forc'd to act a rig'rous part)
This firſt, unfortunate offence forgive,
Or let thy ſervant here a vaſſal live,

A bondſlave, in my youngeſt brother's ſtead,
Condemn'd no more my native ſoil to tread.
No longer *Joſeph*, could his tears controul,
Or hide the ſoft emotions of his ſoul;
Relenting ſigns, the watchful *Hebrews* ſaw,
In haſt he bids th' attendants all withdraw.
I am your brother *Joſeph*, then he crys,
With tears and melting goodneſs in his eyes,
That brother you to *Midian* merchants ſold
On *Dothan*'s plain — nor need the reſt be told.
The cruel fact, alas, too well they knew,
And, with diſorder'd looks, each other view.
He then demands — how fares my honour'd ſire?
Confus'd and mute they farther off retire;
A guilty ſhame on every face was ſpread.
Come near, my brethren, then he mildly ſaid,
Reflect not on your ſelves, with thoughts ſevere,
It was not you, but God, that ſent me here;
His goodneſs rul'd the circumſtance and place,
To ſave the ſtock of *Abraham*'s ſacred race;
Five years of cruel famine yet remain,
While deſtitute of hope the careful ſwain,
Shall neither ſow nor reap — the burning ſoil,
Untill'd ſhall lye, or mock his fruitleſs toil;

But heav'n has ſent me here, to ſave your lives,
Your infant offspring, and your tender wives.
Th' *Egyptian* king, in every virtue great,
Ordains me ſecond ruler in the ſtate;
The ſtrength, the pow'r, the wealth of all the land,
Without reſtraint, are truſted to my hand.
Return, and in my father's ears relate
The plenty, pomp, and grandeur of my ſtate;
Tell him, I long his hoary age to greet,
And throw my ſelf in raptures at his feet:
Let him come down to *Goſhen*'s healthful air,
His whole domeſtick charge ſhall be my care.
Diſmiſs your fears — this painful ſilence break!
You ſee a friend! you hear a brother ſpeak!
Behold the tender motions of my heart,
No more diſguis'd with grandeur, or with art!
Regard me well, the kindred features trace,
You'll find the prints of nature in my face!
Then claſping round his youngeſt brother's neck,
No longer ſtrives the guſhing tears to check;
The friendly ardor throws off all diſguiſe,
While nature ſits triumphant in his Eyes;

Nor leſs delight tranſports the gentle youth,
Replete with goodneſs, innocence and truth;
In mutual ſympathy their ſouls were ty'd,
And more by virtue then by birth ally'd.
Saluting then the reſt, with mild addreſs,
He clears their doubts and ſoftens their diſtreſs;
Converſing freely, now they quit their fears,
While *Pharaoh*, pleas'd, the new adventure hears;
And in his clemency, and royal grace,
Commands the viceroy ſome ſelected place
Should be aſſign'd on *Goſhen*'s rich champain
His father's num'rous charge to entertain.
The regent, now impatient of delay,
With coſtly preſents ſends the men away,
But with a ſparkling *Babylonian* veſt
His youngeſt friend was grac'd above the reſt.
Make haſt, he ſaid, to bring my father down,
Tell him I live, and be my greatneſs known;
Take waggons, for convenience on the way,
Your wives and helpleſs children to convey;
Nor care to gather up your needleſs ſtores,
The wealth of *Zoan*'s plenteous land is yours.
At *Hebron* ſoon their ſpeedy journey ends,
The good old man their coming now attends;

Where

Where scarce arriv'd, at once they all relate
The welcome news of *Joseph*'s prosperous state.
Why would you mock my woe with airy
schemes,
(He fainting said,) of gay fantastick dreams?
But soon the loaded carriages appear,
Recall his life, his drooping spirits chear.
My *Joseph* lives! (transporting truth) he cries,
I'll see his face and close my aged eyes:
Content, resign these poor remains of breath,
And gently rest in the calm shades of death.

F I N I S.

288844